

INTRODUCTION.

ONE morning in the spring of the present year I, the editor, or rather the reporter, of the following lecture, found myself in a forest of Western Africa. I was neither searching for the source of anything, nor hoping to meet anybody. But, as I walked on my lonely way, I did soon come upon a man, much be-tattered and bronzed, who was plainly an Anglo-Saxon. He was bathing his feet in a muddy little spring, from which a tiny rill ran out and lost itself in the leafy gloom. As I passed him I turned my head inquiringly, and he looked up and said, "Yes, my name is Livingstone, and this is it. It empties into a duck-pond about a mile off, and that empties into a series of mill-ponds, each a little larger than the other, from the last of which a river runs into Lake Nyanza. This is it; and so I thought that, as I am rather tired with my tramp, I would bathe my feet. Throw a chip in here, and it will float past Thebes and the Pyramids into the Mediterranean. Just send word to Murchison, please, that I'll be along presently. Good morning." "All right," I answered; "good morning," and continued my walk, thinking how nice and jolly it was to find Livingstone making a wash-pot of the source of the Nile.

As I went onward, musing upon the eternal fitness of things, an endless theme, I became aware that there were many monkeys around me, of various kinds, but chiefly gorillas. They were all in motion, not disporting themselves or seeking food, but apparently moving forward, with one consent, in one direction. Some of them were leaping from tree to tree; others ran along upon the ground. As I went on the numbers increased, until at last I found myself surrounded by several